

HOW TO BE HEALTHY AND BEAUTIFUL

By MRS. HENRY SYMES

HOW TO AVOID SUNBURN and FRECKLES



Powder is the Finishing Touch Before Going Out.

A Rotary Motion, Up and Out with the Very Tips of the Fingers.

The Butter-Milk Bath for Sunburn.

SEVERAL years ago Newport, with characteristic peculiarity, decided that the much abused sun was too hard on the complexion, so the fair ladies of the resort sat down to discuss a way to avoid the complexion-destroying rays without bandaging eyes and all.

At last a diminutive little sportswoman of the South suggested that a very thick chiffon veil, tied around the face in the style sacred to burglars and Moorish women, would amply protect the complexion, while the forehead would be shaded by the hat. The idea was loudly applauded and enthusiastically adopted. All the summer maidens in the vicinity began to bind their faces with opaque materials, and, although they saved themselves the annoyance of freckles and sunburn, they also excluded all good, fresh air from their lungs and lost that rosy look that is so much sought after by young and old.

There were other ways of arriving at the same result had they but known it, but perhaps that summer's experience taught them in the end.

Summer is a time made for the brunette, who only becomes attractively tanned. Blondes and auburn-haired maidens stand little chance when the sun's rays shine down upon the world with summer strength. But if they take the trouble, perhaps they may avoid some of the season's effects on the complexion, and, if they follow the directions given, the result will surely be satisfactory.

In the first place, it is only the fineness and delicacy of the skin that makes the heat so fatal to blond and auburn beauties, so if a little alcohol is patted on the skin regularly for a time and later after exposure to the sun—it will have a hardening effect. The alcohol must be diluted so that it does not irritate. Do not rub with the alcohol; lightly touch the face with it. It need only affect the outer skin, so any friction is unnecessary.

Buttermilk is an excellent antidote for sunburn, too. Bathe the face in this fluid frequently, and the complexion will remain clear and soft.

Cold cream should always be massaged into the skin to remove the lines and wrinkles caused by squinting, and this should be done by a rotary motion with the very tips of the fingers. Massage wrongly done is more harmful than no massage at all.

After the cream massage, always be sure to remove from the surface any cream which may remain. It not only spoils the appearance, but collects the dust and dirt of the highway. Last of all, powder should be applied before going out. It forms a sort of cover for the skin, intercepting heat and offering a protection against dust.

Freckles may usually be avoided by following out these directions, but if precaution has been neglected, treat the freckles with this very good cream, made of one ounce (avoids) each of petroleum and lanolin (anhydrous), one fluid ounce of peroxide of hydrogen, and one fluid ounce of acetic acid. This cream may be put on the face at night and removed in the morning.

A little healthy tan on the face is not really an affliction, but, too much is unbecoming, particularly in the evening.

To Cure Double Chin.

X. Y. X.—To help to reduce a double chin practice the following exercise: 1. Stand erect, in military position. Place the hands lightly on the hips, fingers forward. Drop the chin slowly on the collarbone; then throw the head back with a quick, even movement that is not a jerk, but yet puts all the muscles into quick play. Repeat ten times. 2. Turn the head quickly to the right till the chin is just over the right shoulder; then back again. Repeat ten times; then turn the head to the left in the same way. Repeat ten times. Do not tire the muscles of the neck, but gradually increase the number of exercises daily, until you can practice each one about fifty times without any discomfort.

Lotion for Blackheads.

Anxious—To make the lotion, mix the following ingredients: Pure brandy, three ounces; cologne, one ounce; liquor potassa, one-half ounce. Apply at night, after washing the face thoroughly with soap and water.

A lotion made from the following recipe will improve the appearance of a red nose: Powdered calamine, one dram; zinc oxide, thirty grains; glycerin, one-half dram; cherry laurel water, four ounces. This lotion should be well shaken before it is mopped on the nose. It may be used both morning and evening.

Poor Blood.

Hopeful—To improve the condition of your skin I would advise you first to get a good tonic for your blood and take it regularly. Taking a dose one day and not taking any for the next two or three days will do you no good whatever. Along with the internal treatment it will be helpful to try some external means to get rid of the blemishes.

Bathe the face in hot water, then steam it over a basin of boiling water. After drying the skin apply a good cream. The following recipe will make up into a splendid face cream: White wax, two ounces; spermaceti, two ounces; sweet almond oil, twelve ounces; distilled water, two ounces; glycerin, two ounces; salicylic acid, ninety grains.

Lotion for Premature Wrinkles.

Mother—You will find this recipe for a lotion very good for removing all traces of wrinkles: Alum, powdered, seventy grains; almond milk (thick), one and one-half ounces; rosewater, six ounces. Dissolve the alum in the rosewater, then pour gently into the almond milk, with constant agitation. Apply with a soft linen cloth every night before retiring.

To Whiten the Neck.

Subscriber—Wash the neck and face with warm water to remove all dust and dirt. Then rub the neck with equal parts of pure cream and lemon juice. The cream does away with scragginess and feeds the skin, while the lemon juice whiteners it.

Tonic for Falling Hair.

A. P. M.—The following recipe for hair tonic will increase the growth of your hair if you use it persistently: one-half dram of phenol, seven and a half grains tincture nux vomica, one ounce tincture cinchona, one-half dram tincture of cantharides, four ounces cologne, and two ounces sweet almond oil. Apply to the roots of the hair with soft sponge once or twice a day. This lotion is especially good for very dry hair.

This is a preparation which has been helpful to many persons troubled with dandruff. One ounce of tincture of cantharides, one dram liquid ammonia, one-half ounce glycerin, one-half ounce oil of thyme, and one-half dram rosemary oil. Mix all together with six ounces of rosewater. Rub the scalp thoroughly with the preparation until the dandruff entirely disappears.

To Fatten the Cheeks.

Tootie—To make thin cheeks plump rub a good skin food in with the following movements: To treat the right cheek, place the thumb of the left hand just below the corner of the mouth on the left cheek as a brace. Make rotary movements upward and outward, beginning at the corner of the mouth and making three diverging lines of manipulation over the cheek. With the right hand treat the left cheek. About six times over each cheek is sufficient.

Orange-flower Skin Food.

Queenie—Here is the recipe for the orange-flower cream. This cream is excellent for improving the condition of the skin, making it smooth and clear. Oil of sweet almonds, four ounces; white wax, six drams; spermaceti, six drams; borax, two drams; glycerin, one and a half ounces; oil of neroli, fifteen drops; oil of bigarade (orange skin), fifteen drops; oil of petit grain, fifteen drops.

Melt the first three ingredients, add the glycerin to the orange-flower water, and pour it into the mixture; then pour it slowly into the blended fats, stirring continuously.

Troubled with Dandruff.

D. Z.—A little vasoline rubbed well into the roots of the hair will soften the dandruff so that it will brush out easily. Don't attempt to comb it out, as this will only irritate the scalp and increase the dandruff.

This dandruff remedy will prove helpful: Moisten the scalp with olive oil. When crusts are soft, wash scalp with tincture of green soap. Rinse thoroughly and apply almond oil to the scalp. Rub in with fingertips and then use the following lotion daily: Ammonia muriate, ten grains; glycerin, one ounce; rosewater, five ounces. Rub this briskly into the scalp. At the end of ten days shampoo.

To Sweeten the Breath.

Alice R.—For a bad breath, hold listerine and water in the mouth as long as possible. Gargle with listerine after meals.

When troubled with an offensive breath, extra care should be taken of the teeth. This recipe makes a very good tooth powder, which should be used after each meal: Four ounces of precipitated chalk, eight ounces of powdered orris root, and one ounce powdered camphor. Triturate the camphor in a mortar, moistening it with a very little alcohol. Add other ingredients. Mix thoroughly, and sift through a fine bolting cloth.

Tea Hair Tonic.

Reader—Here is a recipe for a tonic which will darken the hair somewhat: Bay rum, two ounces; glycerine, two ounces; alcohol, two ounces; infusion of black tea, ten ounces.

Mix and perfume to suit. The tea infusion should be made very strong—say an ounce of tea to ten or twelve ounces of boiling water. Let it steep for twenty minutes, then strain till cool; strain and add the other ingredients; apply with a soft sponge to the roots of the hair. It will darken blond hair.

Lotion for Oily, Damp Hair.

Kate—For greasy, moist hair the following is an excellent drying lotion. It used daily, it tends to produce a crispy condition: Bicarbonate of soda, powdered, one-fourth ounce; borate of soda, powdered, one-quarter ounce; eau de cologne, one fluid ounce; alcohol, two fluid ounces; distilled water, sixteen fluid ounces. Mix and agitate until solution is complete.

Chest Weights.

Skinny—Chest weights are used to develop the muscles and increase the size of the chest. They are weights on pulleys which are fastened either to the floor or wall, and as the strength increases the weights are made heavier. They may be purchased at the athletic department of any store.

Solution to Keep the Hair Curled.

Mary J. H.—The following recipe for a hair-curling lotion may be helpful: Gum arabic, one ounce; good moist sugar, one-half ounce; pure hot water, three-quarters pint; alcohol, two fluid ounces; bicarbonate of mercury, six grains; sal ammoniac, six grains.

The last two should be dissolved in the alcohol before admixture. Lastly, add enough water to make the whole measure one pint. Perfume with cologne or lavender water. Moisture the hair with the fluid before putting it in the papers or curlers.

This is too strong a solution to be applied repeatedly, as it would surely have a destructive effect on the hair follicles. Therefore, it should not be too frequently applied, and not at too short an interval. An occasional use, however, is practically harmless.

To Polish Finger Nails.

Mrs. W. L. F.—The best way to polish the nails is to put a little powder in the palm of your hand and rub the nails briskly. This gives the nails a pretty pink tinge. Try this recipe for nail powder: Talcum powder, one-half ounce; pumice stone, pulverized, two ounces.

Mix thoroughly, add fifteen grains of carmine, and a few drops of oil of rose, if a perfume is desirable. Sift through silk bolting cloth.

When annoyed with perspiring hands this recipe for a lotion will prove valuable: Boric acid, 50 grains; borax, 120 grains; salicylic acid, 150 grains; glycerin, two ounces.

Rub on the hands four or five times a day. Wash the hands in warm water before applying and dry carefully. Shake well. If the glycerin is heated it will increase the solubility of the perspiration.

For Oily Skin.

F. D.—Banish all rich and greasy foods, for diet has a great influence on the condition of the skin. Wiping off the face occasionally with diluted alcohol (25 per cent strength) is beneficial in the case of an oily skin. A few drops of ammonia or a pinch of borax in the water with which the face is washed is also helpful.

Striking an Average.

From Youth's Companion. The children were not allowed in the kitchen, but nobody had ever forbidden their sniffing outside the door to catch the delicious odors which could be obtained by a close application of a small nose to a crack.

"Why, Ethel," said Mrs. Harwood, who discovered them in the entry just outside the kitchen door one Saturday morning, "why are you twitting Tommy and slapping him?"

"Cause he ain't playing fair, mother," said Ethel. "He's had five smells and I've only had four, and it's my turn."

"I am, too, playing fair," asserted Tommy, his utterance smothered as he again applied his nose to the crack. "I've got an awful cold, and I can't smell half as much as he can."

Under Suspicion.

For three Sundays in succession the pastor of a West Side church was gladdened by the appearance of a backsliding husband in his wife's pew. Then suddenly this gratifying exhibition of an awakened conscience ceased. One day the pastor met the delinquent in a street car.

"I have not seen you at church for some time," said the preacher. "No," was the candid reply. "I had to give it up. My wife got so suspicious I couldn't stand it."

Reward.

Visitor—What a well-behaved boy! Mother—Yes; I told him if he was good he could watch his father take up the carpet.

"Judge" Rhadamanthus Tells Why There Is No Marrying in Heaven

By HELEN ROWLAND.

"I want to interview St. Peter," I remarked to the editor the other morning. "That personage looked up from his stub pen and glared at me in a way that I never saw before. He was a little, scornful smile from the top of my thirty-two-inch hat to the hem of my pique skirts."

"Nonsense!" he laughed mockingly. "You never could get in."

"I don't want to get in—yet," I returned boldly. "I want to find out—"

"Why there is no marrying in Heaven," The editor, who has a wife himself, put down his glue pot wearily.

"The answer," he said with bitter irony, "is very easy. Most anybody could tell—"

"Of course," I interrupted hastily. "But you know how this paper demands information from headquarters and authoritative statements and—"

"All right," broke in the editor desperately. "Go ahead. But don't try St. Peter. Get Judge Rhadamanthus on the 'phone.'"

"Judge Rhadamanthus?" "He was the original gatekeeper to the Elysian Fields," explained the editor, "and what he doesn't know about people isn't worth printing. Besides, he's always willing to talk for publication. Now he off with you," and he returned once more to his task of making one stick of joke fill two sticks of space.

"I declare!" exclaimed Rhadamanthus, glancing nervously up at me over his spectacles as I slipped past the door-keeper and nudged his elbow. "There's no keeping you women out of this court-room. Your curiosity is something colossal—"

"Now, your honor," I interrupted sweetly, laying my hand gently on his coat sleeve. "I didn't come to see the courtroom. I came to see you. The Daily Fidget wants to know why there is no marrying in heaven and why—"

"One question at a time! One question at a time!" cried Rhadamanthus testily. "There is no marriage in heaven, my dear young lady," he continued gravely in his big bass voice, "because there is no heaven in marriage."

"That's an epigram!" I said very reproachfully. "Is it?" his honor looked delighted at the accusation. "Ah, well," he continued, "thawing visibly, 'to be serious, then, of course there is no marriage in heaven—just as there are no janitors and no smallpox and no firecrackers and no automobiles and no murderers in the first degree and no mosquitoes. Elysium, my dear child, is the headquarters of happiness.'"

"Not," I retorted, taking a seat beside his desk and getting out my notebook. "If it is the headquarters of old maids and old bachelors. They're the most unhappy people in the world."

"I didn't say," returned Rhadamanthus, impatiently, "that there were no married people in heaven. They all come here."

"Why?" I inquired, dropping my pencil in surprise. "Because—they need the rest."

"No; because they deserve it!" rejoined his honor, decisively. "Oh!" I picked up my pencil and wet it thoughtfully. "But don't they ever meet one another—husbands and wives, I mean?"

Rhadamanthus checked. "Very seldom," he answered, with a grin, "if they see each other first, and then only in the most formal manner, as they would in other people's parlors or at an afternoon tea or a theater party. There is none of that sweet intimacy here that breeds contempt, and interference and quarrels and divorces. Every man here has his own chiffonier drawer, his private latchkey, the right to open his letters first, the last word if he likes it, the right to part his hair on either side or both if he wants to, the right to put his feet on the divan and smoke all over the house, to come in without being questioned and to go out as often and for as long as he likes, to wear a red necktie and spotted socks, and use any form of grammar that comes easiest with as many as four negatives in a sentence."

Rhadamanthus brought his fist down firmly on his desk. "That," I said indignantly, "doesn't leave a woman any rights at all!" and I closed my notebook with a snap.

"Wait a moment!" cried Rhadamanthus anxiously. "I don't want any one-sided statements published on this matter. Every woman in Elysium has the right to take her breakfast in bed, indulge in a headache as often as she finds it convenient, wear curl papers round the house all morning, fill as many closets as she needs with her clothes, eat deadly looking bonbons instead of regular meals, begin

a novel at the last chapter, peroxide her hair, powder her nose, and wear a dress with two rows of buttons up the back—"

"But," I objected, slightly mollified, "those are all such little things."

"My dear," said Rhadamanthus, leaning over confidentially, "it's the little things that make marriage heaven or—er—the opposite. Any two people could get along fairly comfortably if they had nothing but each other's morals to put up with. Happiness doesn't depend half so much on whether a husband keeps the Ten Commandments and goes to church regularly as on whether he keeps a pretty stenographer and comes home to dinner regularly; nor on whether a wife holds lofty ideals and how she does her duty, as on whether she can hold a servant and how she does her hair for breakfast. A thief or a murderer can make his wife fairly happy if he will be on time for his meals and can come home without a grouse and get up in the morning without a growl and put up the portieres with a pleasant smile. A Jezebel can make her husband think himself a lucky man, if she will forebear hankling his trousers upside down on a chair so that the things fall out of the pockets."

"And giving away his clothes," I put in "before he is through wearing them."

"And questioning him about where he spends his time and his money—"

"And commenting on his collars—"

"And counting the number of cigars he smokes per day—"

"And correcting him in public—"

"And keeping tab on his engagements—"

"And going through his pocketbook—"

"And tagging along when he goes fishing—"

"And prying open his mail—"

"And calling him up at the office—"

"And picking imaginary flaws in his character—"

"And imaginary hairs off his coat lapel," finished Rhadamanthus. "Bad morals," he continued gravely, "are like lions and tigers, terrible, but rather rare nowadays; bad manners are like snats, not dangerous, but so annoying with their petty little stings that they usually end by driving a man out of the house for relief and—"

"Yes," I broke in sarcastically, "I've noticed that a man whom wild horses couldn't drag from the path of duty and honor and virtue before marriage can be driven straight to perdition afterward by the touch of a feather or a manicured finger nail. It's such a good excuse—"

"And we don't give our members here

any excuse," interrupted Rhadamanthus triumphantly. "For going over to the other party. Heaven is a state that disposes of a person's troubles by kindly taking away the 'better half.'"

"I exclaimed with sudden comprehension, 'It's something like Dakota, isn't it?'"

"There are no lawyers here," he answered severely, "and no fools!"

"Fools?" I glanced up inquiringly. "People," explained Rhadamanthus, "who wear themselves to a frazzle untangling the matrimonial knot, merely for the sake of tying themselves up again; people who don't know when they are lucky; burnt children who don't dread the fire; funbees who can't tell when they've got enough—"

"Or when to come in out of the matrimonial rain," I put in flippantly. "Or to have done with folly," added Rhadamanthus, "and matrimony. What is it?" he continued musingly, "about one cocktail that always makes a man want another the moment he has swallowed it and about one woman that always makes him want another the moment he has gotten rid of her?"

"I don't know," I returned, "unless it's habit or love or variety or homeopathy."

"What?" "The idea that life cures like," I explained. "If one cocktail gives a man a headache, he waits another to make him forget it, and if one woman makes him unhappy, he thinks that another may—oh, well, it's just like changing a bundle upon your right hand to your left, and doing your hair on top of your head to relieve the pain at the back of your neck, and longing for a storm to make you forget the heat of the sun and for sunshine to dry things up after the storm and—"

"Exactly," broke in Rhadamanthus, "and you can readily see how we couldn't have anything of that sort here."

"I suppose you know," said Rhadamanthus, "that one draught of Lethe water will drown a man's memory and wipe out his recollections."

HE TALKS.

He talks in the morning and talks in the night. He talks when he's wrong and he talks when he's right. He talks at the office and talks in the hall. He talks in the church and he talks at the ball. He talks to the Senate and talks to the House. He talks to the people as 'oor common sense. He talks to the press and he talks to the crowd. He talks and he talks with a voice long and loud, like an old clapper mill he'll sound to the end and die while he's talking without any friend.

JOHN A. JOYCE.